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WEEKLY REVIEW.

—There has been a notable increase in Lancashire drunkenness, if we may judge from the number of arrests made. From 1866 to 1875 the number annually arrested for drunkenness in Manchester rose from 5,639 to 10,615. In 1869 it reached 11,461; then, after the First Licensing Act, it fell to 9,108 in 1873, and is now rising again. At Preston and Sulford the arrests for this cause were last year far in excess of those of any previous year; 17,790 as against 10,556 in 1870. By far the larger number of arrests were made on Saturday night and Sunday morning, after workmen have got their week's pay. The question often comes up whether the labouring classes of England receive their proper share of the profits obtained on manufactures; but so long as they do not know how to spend the little they have, so long as they prize money chiefly for the amount of liquor it enables them to imbibe, one can hardly wish that their gains should be increased. Occasionally we have a spell of hard times, when large numbers are thrown out of work; at such times, instead of the labourers having a nice sum of money in the Savings Bank, it is the publican who has a large sum of money in his bank, while the labourer and his family starve or beg.

—We have had a banker for Governor-General, and are now to have a poet. Lord Northbrook has resigned, and will leave India in the spring; Lord Lytton has been appointed to succeed him. This appointment takes all by surprise. Lord Lytton is the son of Bulwer, the novelist. He has written a good deal under the name of Owen Meredith, and has been employed in diplomatic service for a good many years. The nomination will be attributed to a literary weakness on the part of Mr. D'Israeli. Lord Lytton is 44 years of age.

—We have much pleasure in mentioning the return of the Rev. Mr. Cooke, of the Church Missionary Society, from England, in restored health. We have also the pleasure of mentioning the arrival of another missionary for the work carried on under the superintendence of the Rev. Wm. Taylor, —the Rev. Mr. Davis, who proceeds to Madras. The Rev. Mr. McGrew has also come out to join the Methodist Episcopal Mission in N. India. The Rev. Mr. Wynkoop, of Allahabad, has also returned, after a flying visit to America.

—Intelligence has been received of the death of the Rev. Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Bombay. He died in London December 13th. It was known in the beginning of last year that he was suffering from cancer in the mouth, and that it was merely a question of time when death would take place. He was born in 1821. He arrived in Bombay Jan. 30, 1869. We have so often and so freely spoken of the sentiments and of the work of Dr. Douglas that we have no occasion now to say anything on the subject. Of his sincerity and earnestness and ability we could not entertain a doubt. We take the following from a notice of the late Bishop in the *Times of India*, written, we suppose, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, who was for some time his private chaplain:

"He reached London in the beginning of May, and never left it. Twice he was brought apparently to death's door by the disease under which he suffered, but he rallied from both attacks, and remained much as usual (without suffering any great pain) until Saturday, December 11th, when a third attack supervened, from which he never rallied. He passed quietly away in the presence of his family, just as the commendatory prayer for a departing soul was ended, a little before midnight on the following Monday. A friend writes:' 'We took a last look of our dear friend, looking calm and peaceful in death * * * more like himself than we had seen him for weeks.' He was to be buried at Aberfeldy by the side of his son. His untiring zeal and energy while in India were known to all; his sermons at the Cathedral and on visitation tours were appreciated by many; his conduct as an earnest and uncompromising Bishop was necessarily misunderstood by those who are outside the Church of England; but all who came into personal intercourse with him yielded him their respect, while those who lived nearest to him gave him their admiration and their love."

—Some surprise has been expressed that the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge should have given Rs. 14,000 for the support of the Cathedral Choir School in Bombay. The subscribers to this Society know best if such a disposition of the funds was contemplated by them. Christian knowledge will doubtless be communicated in the Choir School, and the same is the case in many other schools, to which such aid would doubtless be very acceptable. The work of the S. P. C. K. consists chiefly, we believe, in the publication and circulation of books.

—A watch-night service was held at Falkland Road Hall, on New Year's eve. The Quarterly Love-Feast of the Bombay Methodists, with the Lord's Supper, was held from 8 to 10 P.M. A sermon was preached. Afterwards, there was a contribution of promises from God's word. A great many promises were brought forward in succession, each one mentioning some particular promise that had been blest to him, or in which he was now rejoicing. This was a very delightful and refreshing part of the service. The last moments of the old year were spent in prayer.

—We have received from a friend in Madras, the following items of religious intelligence. We earnestly invite the servants of the Lord of all denominations, whether engaged among Europeans or natives, to send us intelligence of any thing interesting that occurs in their several fields:

Watch Night services are greatly on the increase in Madras. In the Church Mission Chapel, Black Town, three clergymen assisted the pastor, Rev. Mr. DuBois. Rev. Mr. Gillings preached the sermon in the Wesleyan Chapel. Services were held by the Methodists in the L. M. Chapel, Vepery, conducted by Rev. Mr. Ward; at Perambore by Mr. J. J. Reardon, and on the line at Jollarpett by Mr. A. Chatelier, and at Sooramungalum by Mr. G. L. O' Hara. P. B. Gordon, Esq., was with the new Church of native brethren at Tuchoor, fifty miles from Madras, and other laymen held services in still other places.—A series of religious services, extending from December 25th to January 1st, were held in the London Mission Chapel, Vepery, consisting of a sermon and after-meeting each day at 7 A. M., and 6-30 P. M. Rev. James Shaw of Bangalore assisted the pastor of the Methodist Church in these meetings, which strengthened the disciples much. Daily meetings for children were conducted by Mrs. Major Smith.—The new Methodist Episcopal Church at Perambore, Madras, was dedicated on Friday evening December 24th. Rev. W. E. Newton, just arrived from America, took the devotional exercises. Rev. James Shaw of Bangalore preached the sermon to a deeply-interested audience. The beautiful edifice is worth fully Rs. 2,500, but was built by Bro. J. C. Fitzgerald at cost of materials and workmen's labor for Rs. 2,000. It is already of great service to the community, and its use has been tendered to various denominations, which offer, to the Church of England, has been acknowledged with thanks to the trustees by the Lord Bishop of Madras.—Competitive examinations for book prizes have proved a great success in the Methodist Sabbath schools of Madras and Perambore for the last two quarters. The titles, topics, golden texts, outlines, and heart of each lesson, are the basis of examination by classes or departments. This method fosters constant review during the quarter as a preparation for the close of the term. The Bevean leaf is much prized as an aid to very hard and thorough Bible searching. H.

—The *Dnyanodaya* has donned a new suit of type for the new year. The Child's paper issued with it is most creditably got up.

—We have received some more letters on the subject of the soul's *post-mortem* condition, but must decline inserting them, for the reasons stated in our last issue.

—Last year we published a series of articles entitled "Paul, the Christian's Pattern." In compliance with a request that these articles should appear in a more permanent form, they have been printed in a book bearing this title. The book numbers 110 pp., and is sold at 8 annas a copy. Address, Manager, Anglo-Vernacular Press, 28, Tank Street, New Nagpada, Bombay.

—Out of 1,230 candidates for matriculation at the recent Bombay University examinations, 434 passed, about 35 per cent. The Robert Money Institution passed 3, the Free Church Institution 4, and the Established Church of Scotland's Institution 10.

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BAPTISM.

The *Christian Spectator* talks in this pleasant way of Infant Baptism:

The Pœdobaptist camp is like that of the Midianites, in which "every man's sword was against his fellow;" whilst they agree in upholding the same institution, the arguments which one divine adduces are regarded by another as altogether unsatisfactory. We believe there is not a single argument in favour of infant-baptism that has not been answered by Pædobaptists themselves. Dr. Wardlaw pleads the Abrahamic covenant; Dr. Halley laughs such an argument to scorn, and says we must rely on the commission in Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, which he says means that we are to baptize everybody; another Pædobaptist has no difficulty in proving that the passage in Matthew means nothing of the sort. One writer regards 1 Cor. vii. 14 as sufficient in itself to settle the question; another Pædobaptist divine thinks this passage has nothing to do with the matter at all. And so of all the arguments adduced. Infant-baptism fits in admirably with High-Church views, and still better with Roman Catholic doctrine, but it is very striking to see the straits into which Evangelical Christians are put to make it tally with their Scriptural views of gospel truth. The Word of God is as troublesome to deal with in the precincts of infant-baptism, as the Ark of God was in the temples of the Philistines; and when the Dagon of one theory has fallen before it, it has perforce to be sent elsewhere, and some other theory has to be set up before it—soon to meet the same fate.

A number of men may be perfectly convinced that a certain thing is ordained of God, without having the same view as to the considerations which influenced the divine mind in the ordaining of it. Men may agree that God forbade Adam to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree, without agreeing as to the ends which He proposed to accomplish by this test. They may agree that God chose the descendents of Abraham as his peculiar people, while they differ as to the reasons for such an election. There are many things about the divine authority of which Christians generally are agreed, while they differ widely as to the uses of these things. Among Baptists there is unanimity as to the mode of baptism by immersion, though they differ very materially in their way of accounting for the institution of it. The *Christian Spectator*,

for instance, quotes the following from Professor Lightfoot on Colossians, as the testimony of "an enemy":

"In the course of his summary of the argument in ii. 8-15, he writes:—

'This circumcision (wrought by the Spirit) ye have because ye were buried with Christ to your old selves beneath the baptismal waters, and were raised with Him from those same waters to a new and regenerate life through your faith in the powerful working of God, who raised Him from the dead.'

On ii. 12, he remarks:—

'Baptism is the grave of the old man, and the birth of the new. As he sinks beneath the baptismal waters, the believer buries there all his corrupt affections and past sins; as he emerges thence, he rises regenerate, quickened to new hopes and a new life. This it is, because it is not only the crowning act of his own faith, but also the seal of God's adoption and the earnest of God's Spirit. Thus baptism is an image of his participation both in the death and resurrection of Christ."

Some Baptists, we think, would take exception to this because it represents conversion as taking place in immediate connection with baptism, and brought about by it. "Ye were buried with Christ to your own selves beneath the baptismal waters." But the rule with Baptists is to baptize only those who are already converted. They require evidence that a man has a true faith in Christ and has got a new heart and become a new creature—in other words 'that he has been raised to a new and regenerate life by the powerful working of God,' before they baptize him. But if it is the usage of the Holy Spirit to accomplish the work of conversion at the moment and through the agency of baptism, then it would be a contradiction to require evidences of conversion before giving baptism. We suppose that Baptists generally look upon baptism as a public expression of the faith already existing.

The *Christian Spectator* quotes from the *Lucknow Witness* a statement that has led to considerable discussion: "If infant baptism means anything other than baptismal regeneration, it means the recognition of a previous new birth, of which the water is but the outward sign and seal." The *Spectator* says "this description of baptism is one that we can heartily endorse." Nevertheless, it differs very materially from Professor Lightfoot's, so thankfully quoted by the *Spectator*. There is a vast difference between saying that "baptism is the recognition of a previous new birth," and "baptism is the birth of the new man."

We believe that baptism is the recognition of a previous new birth in the case of those who are baptized on profession of their faith, but we do not regard it as that in the case of infants baptized on the ground of their parents' faith. So we believe that circumcision was, in the case of Abraham, "the seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had, being yet uncircumcised," but in the case of infants it was something different. It is certain that adults were circumcised in connection with a profession of faith in Jehovah and the act implied a consecration of the body to the service of Jehovah, which of course could only be carried out by a consecrated heart. When the infant of a believing Jew was presented for circumcision, it was a recognition of the fact that the child belonged from its birth to God, and had no right to existence except in the doing of God's will, and it was an engagement on the part of the parent to see that the child should be trained in accordance with this idea, God himself engaging on his part that the divine aid should be present to make these endeavours successful, according to the faithfulness of the parental nurture. The New Testament teaches us that regeneration is accomplished by the Spirit of God through the word of God embraced by faith (John iii., James i. 18, 1st Peter i. 23). It is a change accomplished in one who is capable of knowing God, repenting, believing. Believing parents are warranted in seeking the power of the Spirit of God at the time when the child is capable of receiving instruction regarding God and sin.

That circumcision has relation to the state of the heart and has its full significance in the entire consecration of the person and life to God, is evident from such passages as the following:

"Circumcise therefore the foreskin of your heart."—Dent. x. 16.

"The Lord thy God will circumcise thy heart, and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."—xxx. 6.

Here we have first the command, recognizing man's agency, and a promise, recognizing God's. And the promise is extended to the seed. We are to look at the rite, not as man's disobedience and unbelief made it, but as it was in the conception and purpose of God. We are to judge of the covenant, not by the condition into which man's unfaithfulness brought the seed of Abraham, but by what that condition would have been if the posterity of Abraham had maintained the solemn compact unbroken. And in like manner infant baptism should be judged of, not by the miserable results induced by the unbelief and carnality of professing Christendom, but by the blessedness that would have accompanied a true observance of the covenant by true believers.

"Circumcise yourselves to the Lord and take away the foreskins of your heart." Jeremiah iv. 4.

"How shall Pharaoh hear me, who am of uncircumcised lips?" Ex. vi. 12.

"If their uncircumcised hearts be humbled." Lev. xxvi. 41.

"Their ear is uncircumcised, they cannot hearken." Jer. vi. 10.

"All the house of Israel are uncircumcised." Jer. vi. 26.

"Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears." Acts vii. 51.

"If thou be a breaker of the law, thy circumcision is made uncircumcision." Rom. ii. 25.

The passage in Colossians ii. 11-13 shows how present to the mind of the apostle was the analogy between circumcision and faith—an analogy that fails in some particulars, but is none the less real and recognizable.

SELF-TORMENT.

THE following is an extract from a private letter received by the editor from his sister in New York:

"*The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*, by Mrs. Smith (H. W. S.) has been published in a volume. I am now reading it. It is admirably clear in its knowledge of the believer's needs, and of the infinite supply. As to myself, I am finding more and more, that as the need becomes conscious to myself, the supply is granted. My greatest and still-unfulfilled desires concern my usefulness to others. I wish so to abide in Christ as to have Him abiding in me that I may *ask* what *I will* for the many dear people—some already *in*, some *out of* Christ—in whom I am greatly interested. There is Alice ———, my pupil of last year and this year. A peculiar state of ill-health renders her morbid in mind. It is a morbid conscientiousness. Really a believer, and sensitive in conscience, wicked and blasphemous thoughts torment her. She struggles with them, reasons, reproaches herself, but has no peace. A full trust in Christ would deliver her. The father, mother, sister, are all made unhappy by poor Alice's state. She has been obliged to give up her lessons, as every mental effort brings the temptations in double host. Now for some weeks she has been spending as much time as is possible in bodily exercise, riding on horseback, walking, etc. Her mother and sister devote themselves to her. They scarcely leave her alone. They try to keep her from thinking, especially from the attempts to reason her thoughts back into sound order. Poor Mrs.——— is nearly broken-hearted. She fears insanity. Alice has a mind fitted for study, by its accuracy and its love of precise distinctions. She is grieved to be obliged to put aside her studies. She is pretty as a picture, with her delicate complexion and golden hair, and although nineteen, seems to everybody, just a darling little thing. I am wounded to the heart by the thought of this poor little darling so suffering from the want of a full trust in Christ. For, no matter what the state of her body is, He surely can deliver her from temptations; or He can, if needful, effect the whole cure. I have said all this to her and to her mother; reminding the latter of what the Lord has granted to the faith of parents, indeed, at times, throwing upon them the whole responsibility of faith. I wish to have Alice so cured that it may be evident that the Lord has healed her, and not Dr.———and the exercise. In the meanwhile, the responsibility of faith is thrown upon me. "Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief!" Now, here comes my difficulty. What ground of assurance have I for trusting absolutely in God's intervention in a case like this? May I fully believe that Alice will be healed because I ask it?" If Alice is a child of God, of course she will be cured. For that I have the general ground of assurance in God's word. But if I could be sure that she will be *speedily* delivered from this dreadful mental suffering, I am happy in trusting the Lord with all my own concerns, spiritual and material; but how happy would I be, if all I am asking for other people might be granted!"

We have known a good many instances of mental affection like that described above. We have ourselves had some experience of this kind of torture, and we think we can speak with some positiveness as to the mode in which relief is to be obtained. The mind has not the power directly to deal with any image or train of thought that may present itself persistently, even though it may be unwelcome to such a degree that life itself becomes a burden under the visitation. The tendency is for the mind to summon all its energies for the purpose of excluding the odious thought; it enters into a violent conflict, calling upon heaven to help it, but invariably in vain, miserably in vain. Everything that the sufferer or his friends can devise, is summoned to the aid of the combatant, but there is always nothing but defeat, miserable defeat. The sufferer, a conscientious Christian, let us say, feels self-condemned because of the depravity in which, as he supposes, these thoughts have their origin, and this greatly complicates the matter; for when the mind would occupy itself with something else, the idea of harboured guilt forbids it and summons its attention back to the odious suggestions. Of course everybody can see that a morbid state of mind is the origin of the trouble, but just how to help the tormented consciousness is not readily seen. Some doctors look with suspicion upon *all* religious experience, and are not willing to learn of those who have gained the victory in such a conflict, by simple faith; but this is certainly the true remedy, in the cases to which we have reference.

The only way in which painful thoughts are to be got out of the mind, is to have the mind drawn to something else; but the mind is under a kind of spell or fascination, and cannot turn from them while the conscience is in alliance with them. A divorce must be made between them and the conscience. This can be done in two ways. First, by demoralizing the conscience; by trampling down the sense of duty and responsibility, and giving one's self to worldly pleasure. Religion is given to the winds, as a costly delusion. The second and true way is by faith. Faith shows us the length and breadth, the depth and height, of the love of God in Christ; shows us that God has no disposition to bring us in guilty for that which is abhorrent to us; and it teaches the tormented one to come to Christ and say, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee, and that I abhor these evil thoughts, and would be only too happy to banish them, but I have no more power to do so than I have to change the orbits of the planets; thou dost not hold me guilty for not using power that I have not; I therefore lay down at thy feet the foolish idea that I *have* the power to banish these thoughts, and that I *am* responsible to do it. Lord, I believe in thy love and now engage to show my faith in thee by treating these vain thoughts as of no consequence and by ceasing from all endeavours to extrude them. They cannot alter the great invincible part of thy love. I will smilingly answer all these suggestions with these simple but sufficient words, Jesus loves me. I will not fret or vex myself; but will glorify Christ by my cheerful patience under this trial, as I would under a physical trial." No sooner are these words uttered by the heart than the victory is won. The agonizing tension of the mind ceases at once with the idea that there is any conflict to be waged. The victory is obtained by the submission of faith. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good," followers of the conquering Saviour? You thought that the province of faith was to prevail on Christ to take away the odious thoughts immediately, but true faith requires you to believe in Christ's love, *notwithstanding* the infliction. Thus Paul, suffering from something which he passionately desired to have removed, because he thought the glory of Christ demanded its removal, learns joyfully that the grace of Christ is sufficient, and sweetly sub-

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mits to the visitation, which has now lost all its bitterness.

A child at the end of a long room, by the fireside, is frightened at the darkness of the other end of the room; his father in vain endeavours to cheer him with amusing stories: at length, taking the child's hand, he leads him to the darkness and shows him that there is nothing there he needs to fear. The child will then gladly go back to the fireside, and listen unperturbed to the stories of the father.

As we have intimated, we speak with confidence, because we have suffered from these very temptations. The thoughts presented were such as would have been blasphemous, if the assent of the mind had accompanied them. It is nearly thirty years since we gained the victory in the way above indicated, and we have never since been troubled by anything of the kind. As soon as we treated the revolting images as a matter of no consequence, altogether apart from responsibility, they disappeared, and the torment from this quarter ceased for ever.

GLEANINGS IN EPHESIANS.

That ye put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man.—iv. 22.

The conversation, means the manner of life, the conduct. There must be a transformation of life in those who learn of Christ. Those who once knew us, should now find us so changed in our conduct, deportment, pursuits, pleasures, principles, that we shall seem to them not the same men at all. Christians are under obligation to put off the old man, as they would put off garments that are infected. They *can* do it, or there would not be the command.

Deceitful lusts. Lusts means desires that are not according to the will of God, desires that we cannot ask him to fulfil. These desires, if allowed to tarry in the mind, will get authority by creating a bias. They deceive by making us believe that they are legitimate desires, not forbidden, or at least allowed in our own case; or they may deceive by persuading us that it is vain to attempt to put them away. If we put off the old man, these will go too.

Be renewed in the spirit of your mind. 23.

The Holy Spirit is the renovator: yet here is the command to believers. They are not renewed apart from their own activity. Perhaps by 'spirit of your mind,' we may understand 'mental habits, or tendencies.'

Put on the new man. 24.

When a man changes his garments, he first takes off one suit and then puts on another. The second operation succeeds the first. But the same power that delivers us from the old man creates the new, as the new nature exists the other ceases to exist. The advent of God's Spirit, the renovator, involves no change in our relations to God, bringing us into filial relation with him. But the Christian, while from the beginning he distinctly recognizes the fact that Christ is to rule over him, mould him and guide him, has yet much to learn concerning the evil of his own nature, concerning the will of Christ, concerning his privileges in Christ. It not unfrequently happens that a Christian continues for a good while in some habit that afterwards he finds to war against the best interests of his soul; but if he is truly consecrated and is walking by faith, he will, as soon as he makes the discovery, avail himself of the help of Christ to put away the injurious habit. The Christian puts off the old man; but it is not well for him to think that all his duty is consummated by the one act; it is necessary daily to repudiate the old nature. The idea that the old nature and the new nature co-exist in the Christian, always battling, but the one never totally defeated, the other never completely triumphant, is not favoured by the text. The old man is to be off. This corrupt life of nature is just the life of self; self means separation from God; regeneration means reunion with God. In him we abide, by a continuous faith leading us to look to Christ for all grace and power. The interruption of faith is like a valve that cuts off the supply of living water, leaving self in its isolation, and bringing sin again upon the scene.

Created. God creates by his word. The light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shines into the heart, and Christ becomes the ruler of the heart.

True holiness. Holiness of truth, brought by the truth. Sanctify them through thy truth.

Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour. 25.

In this and the following verses the apostle urges in detail what he has just presented in general. We are to put on the new, first, by putting away all that is false and misleading, and by giving full expression to the truth of God. There is a great deal in our usages and in the requirements of society that is not strictly according to truth. Among the millions of letters that are written daily, there are very few that do not contain some falsehood.

Be ye angry and sin not. 26.

Anger, if not sin, is a door by which sin enters very easily. Anger unlocks the doors of many evil things, which wisdom had placed on durance. If wrath continues we give place to the devil.

Rather let him labour that he may have to give. 28.

Put off the old man by ceasing from all wrong acquisitions, and put on the new, by labouring for the advantage of others. We are to work that which is good; not to follow any occupation that is detrimental to society. Ordinarily, when a man's business brings him more than he actually needs, the idea is to lay out the surplus in comfort, conveniences, luxuries. Thus we see the expenses of men increase just as fast as their income does. But Paul lays down a very different rule. What we do not actually need, is to go to those who have not.

SKETCHES OF OUR ANTIPODES.

II.

THE GREATEST RIVER IN THE WORLD.

Make a long letter Y upon your slate. Write "Missouri, 2,800" by the left line; "Mississippi, 1,900" at the right, and "1,300" at the stem of the letter. Now add the length of the Missouri, 2,800, to the distance that its waters flow after its junction with the Mississippi, 1,300, and you have 4,100 miles—the largest river in the world. It is also the greatest in the quantity of water discharged into the ocean, although it is not as wide at the mouth as the Amazon. The length of the Mississippi alone is 3,200 miles. The source of the Missouri is in the Rocky Mountains; near it is the source of the Columbia River, which flows westward to the Pacific Ocean. The source of the Mississippi is Lake Etaska in Minnesota, and in the same state are the head waters of the Red River, flowing northward into Hudson's Bay, and of the Rainy River, flowing eastward through the great lakes to the Atlantic. In the Indian language *minne* means "water," and *sotah* "sky-tinted," but the pure streams of Minnesota become greatly corrupted before they reach the seas. May the streams of your affections, my dear nieces, ever remain *sky-tinted* until you stand on the sea of glass and sing with the harps of God.

The Mississippi Valley is composed of all the country drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries; the "basin" (lower country) between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains. From the junction of the Ohio River to its mouth, 960 miles, the Mississippi is about a mile wide. I will now describe some of the peculiarities and dangers of this great river.

1. Every year the spring rains, combined with the thawing of the snows in the states between West Virginia and Idaho, cause heavy floods. The Mississippi rises from 10 to 50 feet above mean height; its average is about 15 feet. It often covers the lowlands or "bottoms," making the river from 20 to 40 miles wide. It submerges farms, sweeping away fences and other timber, and destroying the crops. As a protection, dykes or levees of earth are thrown up for hundreds of miles. Occasionally, the dyke breaks, and great destruction of life and property occurs. A Southern farmer once noticed a little water leaking through the levee. It was only a rat-hole, which he could have stopped with his hand. But he was busy and did not stop to think. Forgetting it he went to his house for the night; in the morning he was surprised to find the water over a part of the farm and road. The rat-hole had grown to a mill race. Neighbours were summoned; all hands turned out, axes, spades, wheelbarrows, oxen, slaves, and gentlemen all joined. Trees were felled, dragged and thrown into the breach, spikes driven, brush and earth heaped in to stop the flood, but it was all in vain. The water gained all day, and the toil-worn men fled for life. Miles of embankment were washed away; thousands of farms and homes deluged and desolated; men, women and children, also horses, cattle, etc. drowned, all because that farmer neglected a rat-hole leakage. Dear reader, have you a rat-hole in your heart? If so, stop it. Stop it to-night before you rest. Cities are sometimes flooded, so that steamboats can pass up the streets. I have wondered why Columbus, Helena and other places were built so low upon the plain when there are fine hill sites near at hand. But even the Babel builders were too low in their ideas. "He builds too low who builds beneath the skies."

2. In the north the river freezes over so as to afford a fine bridge in the winter. With the thawing of the spring season the river, rising rapidly, breaks away its icy fetters. Sometimes immense cakes of floating ice catch on the unbroken ice-field below and form a dam across the river. As the water rises, massive blocks of ice are crowded one over the other, until it becomes a huge iceberg as wide as the river. The waters above this "gorge," as it is called, rise from ten to thirty feet in one day. Many miles up the river, this great flood is held back, and at any moment it may break through. When it breaks, suddenly the avalanche of ice is borne down the river by this ocean-like flood-wave, crushing steamers, towns and forests with the power of an earthquake. But this does not often occur. Steamers with iron rams, and the powder blast, are used to break the ice before a gorge can form. "A stitch in time" sometimes saves ninety times nine.

VICTOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Bombay Guardian."

DEAR SIR—A young believer writes to me as follows:—"Mr. ——— and another brother believe in what they call predestination. They say we need not trouble about trying to win souls to Christ, for the Lord has predestined all who will enter his kingdom. I was referred to 'not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.' But I cannot see any reason why they should take it to mean that the Lord has marked out his people from their birth, do you?" I know that some who truly love the Lord Jesus Christ have this thought latent or expressed, and with your permission I would like to give what seems to me an answer to it.

There is no doubt whatever that God knows beforehand every one that will accept of salvation. And in that sense the destiny is fixed, not only from a man's birth, but from before the foundation of the world (Eph. i. 4). But it is also true that the Lord Jesus Christ tasted death for every man; and has provided a salvation so wide that he invites *whosoever will* to come to him that he may have eternal life (John iii. 16, and numerous other scripture). Moreover, our duty as obedient servants of the Lord Jesus is plain in this connection. We have not access to that book wherein all Christ's members are written; and so cannot judge whether this one, or that one, will be saved. But, instead, we have a plain command to obey:—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi. 15). This command our Lord reiterates in these words, "Let him that heareth say come" (Rev. xxii. 17). The absolute fore-knowledge of God does not lessen our responsibility to deliver the message, neither will it form an excuse for those who refuse the invitation, as salvation is provided for, and offered freely to, all. I really fail to see any connection between the passage of Scripture quoted and this subject. "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven" seems to me to mean that there will be many found to have made a profession of Christianity who had not the life of Jesus in them, like those to whom it was said, "This people draw nigh to me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."

J. R.

DEAR SIR,—The following graphic account of a shipwreck, by Mrs. Doane, while on her way to the Micronesian Islands, I found with her teacher in 1866, and was so much pleased with it that I secured a copy, which has been read by scores of my friends. It pictures well the wonderful power of Christianity to enable one to rejoice in the midst of great tribulation, and to face death with a peaceful serenity. Mr. D. was a companion at school in New York, and a co-laborer in Sunday-School work. He has recently been transfered from Micronesia to Japan, as his wife's health was never good in the islands.

This sad story of property lost and lives jeopardized, contains a warning to ship-owners, underwriters, and seamen. A passenger on the splendid and costly *Golden Rule*, told me that she was lost on a calm moon-light night *because there was too much drinking at a birthday dinner. Liquor should have been banished from the ship, or else put, "with the other poisons," under the care of a sober surgeon.*

W. P. BARKER.

Roncondas Key, Caribbean Sea, June 5th, 1865.

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER AND SISTERS,

The journal that I intended keeping for you has been necessarily neglected, for reasons that you will understand as I proceed with my story. I began a letter to mother just before we met with our accident, but that was lost, and I have scribbled a few words in my little book, but this is the first regular writing that I have done since leaving New York more than two weeks ago. Let me begin where I left off and tell you all my story. I sent you a line the last thing before leaving New York harbour, telling you of our detention there. We were fairly started by break of day, Monday, and were soon out on the open sea. It was rough and a little stormy, and our boat a fa-

mous *rocker*, so that in the course of an hour I was safely lodged in my berth, as sea-sick as any one could wish. And notwithstanding all my determination to the contrary, and resolutions against it, I *stayed* there for *four days!* I was *real* sick—a high fever, constant nausea, loathing of food and everything else—my first experience on a sick bed, and in very uncomfortable quarters.

But I am not sorry for the experience; it taught a great many new lessons. I almost thought, dear Nellie, that it was my punishment for not being more sympathizing with you in that week we spent together on the water which was so wearisome to you. I know I *deserved* it; and did I not long for my mother and sisters all through those many days? For the first time in my life I felt weak and helpless. The water on board was *bad*, and I had nothing with which to wet my parched lips or take away the dreadful taste from my mouth. How often I thought of that beautiful spring of water before Helen's door! But as I said, it was a *useful* experience, and I only tell you about it, for the sake of your dear sympathy. I had all needful care and attention, and dear little Eddie [Mr. Doane's son by his first wife] kept coming with his "Mother dear, do you feel *any better?*" I had time for thought, and prayer too, and you never can know the blessed comfort it gave me to pray for my darlings. Friday and Saturday I was able to spend on deck. The weather was *beautiful*, the sea as smooth as glass, the sea-breeze as invigorating as possible, and I enjoyed it a great deal, feeling quite like my old self. Sunday was stormy again, and I *sick*. Monday, the sea was a little smoother, and I was just able to creep into the ladies' saloon, where I lay on a sofa all day. I remember that *that* day they out-did themselves in getting up a grand dinner, the tables looked splendid, and it seemed as if they had searched the four corners of the globe for luxuries. You will see why I mention this, presently. Just at night a heavy storm of wind and rain came up. We were obliged to close the port-holes of our state-rooms, and passed an uncomfortably warm night. About four o'clock I woke up and lay thinking that I *must* have some *air* some way, when suddenly there came a shock, and the grating sound of our vessel's keel against the rocks. It was repeated, and Mr. Doane sprang from his berth and commenced dressing hastily. I saw that he thought we were in danger, and so I too began to dress. I was not at all frightened, and dressed myself with more than usual thought and care, not knowing what I had to prepare for. I selected my brown delaine dress, as most suitable for everything, put on my shoes and rubbers, collar and pin, etc., water-proof little black hat, washed myself, and combed my hair—all very quickly, of course. By the time I was dressed, Edward and Eddie were ready, and we hurried into the cabin above. Oh what a scene of confusion met us at every step! People were in all stages of dressing and in all varieties of costume, expressing their fright and consternation in all manner of ways. Mothers, with their little ones huddled around them—some screaming and crying. We were crowded into the cabin, many hardly knowing what was the matter, or what to expect.

Edward was sure from the first that the ship was on a reef of rocks, from whence she could never be got off, which proved to be true. Meanwhile, the rolling of the vessel every moment increased, and we had to cling to anything we could get hold of, to keep from being pitched across the saloon. The chairs, lamps, glasses and decanters were all swinging and pitching, and often the people were thrown violently against each other, or on the floor. I was fortunate enough to get my arm around a pillar, which supported me well. We could not tell then just our position, just how long our boat could hold together under the terrible wrenching she was getting. We did not know but our moments were numbered, and almost thought that each might be our last.

But I was not in the least agitated; never felt more quietly calm in my life, and the thought of the possibility of our being in our *dear home above* was so beautiful and *precious* to me that I could hardly bring myself to *pray* for our preservation; and yet I saw around me so many that seemed utterly unprepared to die that it seemed wrong to rejoice in such a possibility: so I kept praying that we might all be prepared for *whatever* God had in store for us.

The pitching of the vessel every moment increased, and now all the passengers had out their life-preservers, and under any other circumstances, one could have laughed at the grotesque appearance of the crowd. I did not see a single lady, beside myself, completely dressed!

We went outside and took our position by the railing of the lower cabin. It was just growing light, and we could see where we were. Only a line of rocks close by the vessel's side, with the white surf breaking over them, was visible, and we were told that we were at least 80 miles from the Island of Providence, which was the nearest land. All hope of saving the ship was now gone. She lay wedged between the rocks, with only room for that terrible *pitching*.

To add to our discomfort, it began to rain again, but nobody seemed to care much whether they were wet through or not, and so we stood and watched the men while they lowered the boats and tried to run them through the surf into the still water beyond. Then they began to break up the decks, tear down doors, cut the mast, and tear away as much of the boat as possible for building rafts. One of the boats, in going through the surf, was overturned completely, though all the men escaped drowning, and we who watched knew not how soon we might have to make the same attempt.

One of the life-boats was manned and sent off to Providence Island for help.

The rain drove the ladies into the cabin, and there we lay on the floor, or in any spot we could find for several hours.

Once or twice during the day I succeeded in making my way on deck, clinging to anything and every thing by the way.

Oh, how I wish you could have stood with me a moment on the deck of that wretched vessel. All her beauty and grace was gone. Everything that could be used for making rafts had been cut down and pulled away. On one side we looked off upon the wild expanse of waters, and the grand old waves came surging up in a fearfully magnificent style—the largest ones often drenching us with their spray.

On the other side were the men at work on the rafts, many of them in the water, or clinging to the rocks. I could not help enjoying the scene, especially those glorious white waves that came travelling over the indigo-blue water. It had been a dark stormy day, but about noon it began to clear away, and far away to our right, land was discovered!

The enthusiasm that this belief called up, you can hardly imagine. "We are saved! we are saved!" burst from many lips, and tears of thankfulness stood in many eyes. A boat was put off to explore, and returned with word that there was an island large enough to hold us all in safety! The little boat with its brave crew was greeted with hearty cheers on its return.

By this time the large raft was completed, and it was thought expedient to begin immediately to remove the women and children from the wreck to the raft (not knowing when she might go to pieces), and then at early dawn to take them in boats to the island. It was a *long* operation, there being over 200 women and children. Only a few could be put in the boat at a time, and that had to be pulled though the surf and over the rocks to the raft.

Our turn did not come for a long while, so Eddie and I waited below in that dreadful cabin with all the pitching, creaking things, clinging constantly to something to keep ourselves from going with them. I need not tell you that there was no sleep to be had. About midnight Edward wrapped Eddie and me in a flannel blanket and took us to the side of the vessel to lower us into the boat. It was dark, and the scene confusing, so I just yielded myself into the hands of the men, hardly knowing what was to be done with me. They slipped a rope under each arm, and put one into my hands for me to cling to, and in a moment I was swinging in the air. Down, down, I went, and then some one seized my *foot* from below, and pulled me into the boat. It was a novel ride, and I was thankful then for the cover of the darkness.

In a moment they sent Eddie swinging down to me—then another, and another, till our number was complete, and we commenced our ride though the surf. A little way they pulled us with the oars, and then the men sprang into the water, and waited for the great waves to wash us over the rocks.

When the great waves came, the sailors shouted and pulled, and so at last we were at the side of the raft. It was already crowded with the *weary* women and poor little ones. They found a place for Eddie and me, and then commenced the *long* watch for the coming of the day. The *Golden Rule* with her swinging lamps loomed up grandly just before us, and the only sound that came was the striking of her bell, which sounded—I cannot tell you how mournfully—like the knell of the departing spirit of the ruined ship. Oh how *long* those hours were! How often my thoughts turned to the *dear* ones at home, and I was glad that they could not see their darling then!

It was a stormy night, the clouds grew more and more threatening, vivid flashes of lightning made our misery *visible*, and the muttering thunder was quite in keeping with the scene. Utterly worn out, we tried to make a place among the *mass* of humanity, to stretch our weary limbs—at least a spot on the hard boards to rest our heads. If we stirred we would wake up with an elbow or a foot in the water. When the rain came pouring down, we only pulled our blankets a little closer and dozed on. We could not be *much* wetter, we thought.

At last the day began to break, and with it came the boats to take us to the island. It had stopped raining, and the waters inside the reef were very smooth. The island was nearly six miles from the wreck, and we enjoyed the ride *over them intensely*. The waters were so beautifully variegated—it was my first glimpse of old Ocean's face "done in fancy colors," and it passed any conception I had formed of it.

We were the first to land on the island. It was a very barren spot, perhaps three-quarters of a mile in length, and averaging one-quarter in width. No trees or bushes—the only green thing a few weeds. And oh, such a troop of sea birds! You can scarcely imagine in what numbers they swarmed around—swooping close to our heads—almost in our faces. When we landed, there were numbers of strange-looking birds as large as turkeys, that were sitting on a kind of nest, and nothing could drive or frighten them away. They only stretched their long necks at us in defiance. We took them at first for the mother-bird sitting on her eggs, but it afterward proved that they were old infirm members of the community left in hospitals, and their descendants brought them food.

For a little while I was greatly charmed with our island home—so many strange and beautiful things greeted me! Everything was of coral formation. The very dust under our feet, on close inspection, proved to be the most delicate coral. Shells were scattered all along the white beach—beautiful ocean shells—and I ran from one thing to another in perfect delight. How I longed for some of my friends to share the wonders with me! And oh, such armies of crabs! some carrying their houses on their backs—such queer-looking houses—some large sea-crabs, some delicate dainty little things just tinted with pink or green; and, over all, swarmed the birds.

You can form some idea of their numbers when I tell you that on some parts of the island we could hardly step without crushing their eggs, which they lay among the rocks without any attempt at a nest. But our enjoyment was soon over. It soon began to rain again—and rain as only it can in these tropical regions. There was no manner of shelter for our poor heads, or weary bodies, but the flannel blankets in which they wrapped us on leaving the ship. All the men—the husbands and fathers—were still on the wreck, the rocks, or the raft, waiting their turn to be brought to the island. And it rained all day. We were so tired, so exhausted from long excitement, want of food and sleep.

Poor little Eddie and I at last could drag our weary limbs around no longer, and we stretched ourselves on the rocks and went to sleep, in spite of the rain, the pouring rain.

(To be concluded.)

REQUEST FOR PRAYER.

For strength and faith to pass through the fiery furnace of God's *just* and *merciful* afflictions. "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Epitome of News.

Saturday, January 1.

A seaman of the ship *Grundloven* is supposed to have come ashore, got drunk, and been drowned in returning. His corpse was found.

—*Times of India:* "Surgeon-Major E. Fergusson, who was a passenger by the *Zambesi*, died at a quarter to seven yesterday morning, and was buried at sea at 11 o'clock. The deceased gentleman was in ill health when he left Brindisi, but grew rapidly worse after the steamer left Aden. He was attended most assiduously by Dr. Robinson, the ship's surgeon, and also by a passenger, Dr. Smith. The Rev. Mr. Wynkoop, of the Allahabad Mission, read the burial service."

—The Philadelphia *Bulletin* editorially says:—"We have just visited and seen the Keely motor in operation. The secrets and the workings of this new engine, as well as the capacity of this new motive power or new force, have not been—and perhaps for some time will not be—fully described. One thing, however, is certain; the power used is cold vapour; it is generated without heat, without light, without the use of chemicals. And it may be stated—and it is stated absolutely, without fear of contradiction—that the force generated from a quart of water is sufficient of itself to propel an ocean steamer. Nor can it be limited, except by the strength of the mate-

rials composing the engine in which the force is generated and applied.

—The Hindoo community of Punderpore, in the Sholapore collectorate, says the *Pundhuree-Warat*, has established a Prarthana Samaj, on the same principle as that which is now in existence at Bombay.

—A distribution of prizes was made on Thursday to the children of the Baptist Church School. There are about 40 children on the roll.

Monday, January 3.

—The Calcutta correspondent of the *Indian Statesman* gives an account of a service of song by Mr. Philip Phillips, followed by a sermon from Rev. Dr. Thoburn: "The service commenced with a hymn, Mr. Phillips—or rather Brother Phillips as Dr. Thoburn called him—playing the harmonium and leading the singing. He possesses a rich powerful voice, and sings with great feeling and taste. The hymns were taken from 'Hymns New and Old,' and from a small pamphlet issued by the American Mission Press, at Lucknow, entitled "Hymns for Special and Social Services," the latter containing, amongst others, the well-known hymns of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, "There were ninety and nine that safely lay," "Almost persuaded now to believe," and "Hold the fort." Although but few of the congregation had hymn-books, most of them seemed familiar with the words of the hymn, and joined in the singing. At the conclusion of the hymn Dr. Thoburn offered up a prayer, in the course of which he made especial reference to the visit of the Prince of Wales. Then followed a hymn sung by Brother Phillips as a solo, the congregation remaining in their seats, and joining in the chorus. The chorus to the last verse was sung *pianissimo*, the result being very effective. After Dr. Thoburn had read, and expounded a portion of Scripture, a collection was made, during which the arrangements for the ensuing week were given out. So far as I could see, the great majority of those present let the plate pass without contributing, but perhaps this was an exceptional case, as Dr. Thoburn said he got Rs. 130 more, last Sunday, than he wanted. This announcement of his seemed to me a rather injudicious one, as those present might have made it an excuse for not contributing, on the ground that the surplus of the previous Sunday would compensate for any deficiency on the present occasion. I think also it would be better to use bags downstairs, as well as upstairs, as there were many people present who perhaps could not afford a rupee and did not care to be seen giving less, so did not give at all. When the collection was over, Brother Phillips sang another solo, after which Dr. Thoburn preached a sermon. Taking as his text, the fourteenth verse of the 5th chapter of Ephesians, he described in a vivid and forcible manner the state of the spiritually dead. As customary with Revivalists, his sermon was freely interspersed with anecdotes and illustrations, one of which struck me as being peculiarly apposite to the city he was preaching in. Referring to the tragedy of the Black Hole, he said, supposing it were known that there were 146 people confined at the present moment in a place like that, how quickly we should all of us run to their rescue! How eagerly should we strive with all our might and main to break open the doors, and how gladly, when we had broken them open, should we call on the captives to come forth! How much more, then, continued the preacher, should we strive in this great city of Calcutta, where there are more than 146,000 persons spiritually dead, to awaken them out of their sleep! At times the preacher rose into eloquence, and at no time during his sermon, which lasted over half an hour, was he at a loss for a word. His delivery was a little too rapid, but at the same time every word was distinctly uttered and could be heard all over the house. His voice seemed a little strained, either from preaching earlier in the day, or, from the theatre being a little too large for him. When the sermon was over, Brother Phillips sang "Let the nations rejoice," which was followed by a doxology sung by the whole congregation. After this, the greater part of the congregation dispersed, a few remaining behind to take part in a special prayer-meeting."

—Calcutta, January 1st: A grand chapter of the Star of India was held this morning, at nine o'clock, in the Viceroy's durbar tent.

—*Overland Mail*, December 10th: Mr. Carlyle, having completed his eightieth year on December 4, has received much public notice and congratulations from all quarters.

A scheme of army mobilisation has at length been issued by the Horse Guards.

It has been decided by a Committee of the French Assembly that the House shall be dissolved this month; the election for senators will take place on January 23, and for deputies on Feburary 20.

President Grant's address to the new Congress deals chiefly with education, specie payments, and the Cuban difficulty.

As regards Cuba, President Grant announces that unless Spain secures immediately the peace which she has long promised, he will, during the present session of Congress, make special proposals.

The Mission House Fund for inundation relief has reached 15,000*l*.

The Smithfield Club cattle show was opened on December 6. Mr. Thomas Willis, of Carperby, Bedale, Yorkshire, takes the champion prize.

The *Deutschland*, mail steamer, has been wrecked on a sand-bank known as the Kentish Knock, and seventy-eight lives lost. Many of the survivors were frost-bitten from exposure.

Mr. R. Arkwright has resigned has seat for Leminster—it is supposed in favour of the new Solicitor-General. The Hon. Charles Lennox has, however, presented himself.

Four serious colliery accidents have taken place, almost simultaneously—the most disastrous at the Swarthe Main Colliery at Barnsley—with the loss of 180 lives.

—Here are some pictures of the wreck of the *Deutschland*: "From the personal narratives of the surviving passengers, we gather that they were all in bed when the ship struck, and were roused first by the bumping of the ship, and next by the cry that rang fore and aft for every man and woman to put on life-belts, of which there was a plentiful store in hand. The women jumped up and swarmed in the companion-way of the saloon, making for the deck, where they were met by the stewardess, who stood in the way, and half forced, half persuaded, them to go back, telling them there was no danger. After the screw had broken, the engines also failed, and the sails proved useless. The male passengers then cheerfully formed themselves into gangs and worked at the pumps, but, as one said, they "were pumping at the North Sea," and as it was obviously impossible to make a clearance of that, the task was abandoned, and the officers, crew, and passengers relapsed into a state of passive expectancy of succour from without. That this could not long be coming happily seemed certain. The rockets which had been sent up had been answered from the shore. The light-ship, which had helped to mislead the captain, was plainly visible, and at least two ships sailed by so near that till they began hopelessly to fade away, one to the northward and the other to the southward, the passengers were sure those on board had seen the wreck, and were coming to their assistance.

"There was no regular meal on Monday, but there was plenty to eat and drink, and the opportunity seems to have been generally, though moderately, improved. The women kept below all day, and, while the fires were going, were served with hot soup, meat, bread, and wine, and seemed to have been inclined to make the best of a bad job. But towards night the horror of the situation increased in a measure far beyond that marked by the darkness. All day long the sea had been washing over the ship, but by taking refuge in the berths and on the tables and benches in the saloon it had been possible to keep comparatively dry. As night fell, however, the tide rose, and at midnight the water came rushing over the deck in huge volumes, filling the saloon, and making the cabins floating coffins. Then the women were ordered up and instructed to take to the rigging, but many of them, cowed by the wildness of the sea that now swept the deck fore and aft, and shuddering before the fury of the pitiless sleet-laden gale, refused to leave the saloon. Then happened horrible scenes which the pen refuses to pourtray in their fulness. One woman, driven mad with fear and despair, deliberately hung herself from the roof of the saloon. A man, taking out his penknife, dug it into his wrist and worked it about as long as he had strength, dying where he fell. Another man, incoherently calling on the wife and child he had left in Germany, rushed about with a bottle in his hand, frantically shouting for paper and pencil. Somebody gave him both, and scribbling a note, he corked it down in a bottle and threw it overboard, following it himself a moment later as a great wave came and swept him overboard.

There were five nuns on board who, by there terror-stricken conduct, seem to have added greatly to the weirdness of the scene. They were deaf to all entreaties to leave the saloon, and when, almost by main force, the stewardess (whose conduct throughout was plucky in the extreme) managed to get them on to the companion-ladder, they sank down on the steps and stubbornly refused to go another step. They seemed to have returned to the saloon again shortly, for somewhere in the dead of the night, when the greater part of the crew and passengers were in the rigging, one was seen with her body half through the skylight, crying aloud in a voice heard above the storm, "O, my God, make it quick! make it quick." At daylight, when the tide had ebbed, leaving the deck clear, some on the rigging went down, and looking into the cabin saw the nuns floating about, face upwards, all dead."

The Eastern Telegraph Company (Limited) has called a meeting of its shareholders to consider the propriety of raising further capital for the purpose of doubling its cables from Suez to Aden, and from Aden to Bombay. This step has been taken, we believe, with a view to check-mate the threatened oppostion from merchants who are incensed at the Eastern Company's ruinous exactions, and who intend to lay a cable of their own.

We all knew that opera-singing was a paying profession for those at the top of the tree; but it must indeed be lucrative when Madame Patti, as a letter from Paris informs me, is able to give £2,500 for a fur cloak!

Tuesday, January 4.

—There has been a sort of revolution at Muscat. Said Toorkee, after a siege of seven days, induced the chiefs to admit him in the absence of Said Abdool Azeez.

—*Indian Statseman*: "The American School for native ladies was duly opened this day, and we are sure that many will avail themselves of the advantages held out by this institution. It is proposed to open classes for general instruction, music, and drawing for such ladies of the Parsee, Mahomedan, and Hindoo community, as would wish to receive private instruction, for a few hours, during the day. The secluded site of the building, and the kindly interest displayed by the ladies who have commenced this useful work will, no doubt, induce several native ladies to endeavour to improve themselves and keep pace with the rising generation. The idea is a good one, and we wish the enterprise every success."

—The *Aurora* case has again come up to remembrance. An insurance company has just been condemned to pay damages £2,000, on account of cotton shipped in that vessel by Mr. Cursondas Madhowdas.

—*Advance*: At the revival meetings in Brooklyn last Monday, an unusally earnest religious feeling is said to have been manifested. At the morning meeting in the Tabernacle, about two hundred requests for prayer were made. Dr. Talmage stated that at his own church the previous day, three hundred and sixty new cases for religious inquiry had been presented. Many personal testimonials were given. In the evening, there was an immense assembly at the Rink. Mr. Moody preached one of his most characteristic sermons, on "What think ye of Christ?"

The Romanists in this country are barely equal in number to the Baptists, and fall very considerably below the Methodists. The latter denomination comprise two million communicants, and estimate their population at the rate of three non-communicant members for each communicant. This would give them eight millions—some two or three millions more than is claimed for the Church of Rome. If the other great Protestant denominations are reckoned up, it leaves the Roman Church in a small minority.

The last census of the United States shows that there is one church for every 532 persons; that while from 1850 to 1870 the population increased 66 per cent. (we lost a million lives by the war), the churches increased nearly 90 per cent.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are expected in Philadelphia November 21. At a meeting of ministers a committee of arrangements was appointed, with Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., as chairman. These elected thirteen gentlemen to constitute an executive committee, who organized by electing George H. Stuart chairman. The old freight depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Thirteenth and Market streets has been secured. The building will be arranged so as to accommodate ten thousand people, with large rooms for inquiry and committee rooms, and will be ready for occupancy by the 20th of November. It is estimated that the cost of fitting up the depot for the religious meetings will reach $20,000.

Wednesday, January 5.

—*Times of India*: "In April 1867 the Scottish Education Society opened its first school, with 15 pupils; and now, this Society has two flourishing schools, one in the Fort and the other at Byculla, with an aggregate attendance of 270. The Committee refer, too, we observe, to the results of the Matriculation Examination as affording satisfactory proof that the teaching imparted is of an efficient character, twenty-two candidates from their schools having, during the last six years, succeeded in passing this examination. Nor is the Scottish Society alone in

possession of the field. The Diocesan Board of Education maintains at Byculla a high-class school which is attended by a large number of pupils; and quite recently a second school for the education of European children has been opened in the Fort, under the auspices of the clergy of the Cathedral. If we add to these the considerable number of European children who receive a first-class education from the Jesuit Fathers—although their schools are open to natives also—and the pupils of the Byculla Schools and the Scottish Orphanage, it will be evident that a large amount of attention is being given to the subject of European education in Bombay. Whatever may be the state of matters in other parts of India, it would appear that the reproach can no longer be brought against this presidency that, while the natives of the country are being highly educated, no educational provision has been made for children of English parentage.

—The Rao of Kutch died at his capital last Saturday. He was in Bombay when the Prince of Wales was here, though he was then suffering from the illness that carried him off.

—H. H. the Maharajah of Travancore is now in Bombay.

—H. R. H. the Prince of Wales left Bankipore for Benares yesterday.

—A letter from Belgaum in the *Times of India* is ecstatical over the Christmas decorations of St. Mary's Church there: "On the steps were rows of ferns, kindly lent for the occasion. The effect upon entering the church was indeed astonishing, the chancel steps being almost concealed by the pots of flowers, ferns, and shrubs of variegated foliage; whilst the capital of each pillar was wreathed with the greatest taste, the intervals between the columns being filled with branches of palms and beautiful feathery grass. The pulpit and desk were decorated with choice flowers and poynsetia leaves. But the crowning glory of the whole was undoubtedly the chancel, where above the altar was suspended a new green hanging with crimson satin embroidery, in the centre of which was worked a large white satin cross. In front a floral cross, of white everlastings and red geranium standing upon steps of moss, was temporarily placed on the Holy Table, and over it a richly illuminated text. Many natives visited the church during the day, being attracted by the external decorations; whilst those who could recall ten or twenty Christmas days here, were loud in their delight at the unwonted honour done to their parish church, and the reverent care which they feel is gladly bestowed upon it by the chaplain."

The apostles seem to have had no inkling of this sort of thing. The above would read strangely in the Acts of the Apostles.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "The Bombay Government have so far abandoned the scheme of the Public Works Department to turn a building in Fort St. George into a European General Hospital, as to have requested four distinguished members of the Medical Department to form themselves into a committee to consider the merits of the whole subject and to submit their proposals to Government with as little delay as possible."

—Mr. Stanley Jevons in the *Fortnightly Review*, expresses the opinion that the purchase by England of the telegraphs was a blunder, which has already cost the country 250,000*l.* a year, and may cost four times that sum.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "Some time during the year 1874, it will be remembered, Miss Anstey took home to Scotland with her from Bangalore a Hindoo girl named Hutchi. Some disturbance was made at the time about the girl's departure, chiefly because she was engaged to be married to one of her own caste. We now learn from the *Bangalore Spectator* that the Hindoo husband has married again. Meanwhile Hutchi is being trained under a distinguished surgeon in practical obstetrics. Miss Anstey, it is said, will probably visit India again in 1877."

—*Madras Times*; "The illumination of the surf was mainly caused by the casting of Greek fire upon the water, and the sight, as crowds of catamaran men cruised and swam about in the weird light, must have been like a scene from Dante's *Inferno*. The long lines of curling surf, transformed into waves of liquid fire, were beautiful in the extreme, and the suite of the Prince found it simply impossible to get him away from contemplating the scene. His Royal Highness declared it to be the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in all his experience, and those present joined heartily in the judgment. Sir Bartle Frere was very much afraid that some of the catamaran men would fall victims to the evening's amusement, and was much relieved when it was explained to him that these creatures are much more fish than flesh, and can take far better care of themselves in the sea than on the land."

Thursday, January 6.

—*Times of India*; Benares 5th: "This morning the Prince held a levee and received an address from the Municipality. His Royal Highness then inspected Benares manufactures and 1,000 cattle of various breeds. In the afternoon he visited the Maharajah of Vizianagram, and was conducted by him to the Town Hall, which the Prince opened, and laid the foundation-stone of the Subscription Hospital, after which he visited the Monkey and Golden temples.

"The chief event of the day was the visit to the Rajah of Benares at his splendid castle two miles up the Ganges. On landing at the ghat the Prince was carried in a tonjon through files of soldiers mounted on horses, elephants and camels. In the outer court of the castle there was a grand show of horses and elephants; in the inner court a military display. The Prince conversed with the Rajah and received presents of a model in ivory of his palace, and other gifts, after which the Prince ascended to the roof of the castle to view the illuminated city two miles away. The entire length of the city, three miles, was illuminated systematically, and as the city rises in tiers to a great height, the sight was splendid, the most magnificent the Prince has yet seen. The processions of barges left the castle at seven o'clock, and threaded their way through floating lights, and the fireworks on both banks were excellent. To-night there is to be a dinner party. The Prince leaves to-morrow morning for Lucknow."

Allahabad, 5th: Sir William Muir resigns in spring.

Mr. R. Bruce, Sub-Engineer, in charge head works Ganges Canal, shot himself last Saturday evening.

—Penang, 5th: A severe affair occurred at Kotha Lama. The village was burned, and Major Hawkins and three men were killed. Doctor Townsend and two men were wounded. Several Malays were killed, and 11 were taken prisoners.

—Indian poets will be interested to learn that the Crown Perfumery Company, London, announce an extension of time of sixty days to all writers for their Hundred-guineas Prize Poem, "On the Visit of the Prince of Wales to India."

—Our thanks are due to the publisher for the January number of the Indian Traveller's Guide, published at the *Bombay Gazette* Office.

—*Times of India*: "The proprietor of the *Indu Prakash*, an Anglo-Mahrathi journal, proposes to issue, in monthly parts, a translation of the most ancient record of Hindu faith and philosophy—the Rig-Veda. The Mahrathi version thus projected will of course place this remarkable work within reach of a very limited class of readers; it is therefore to be supplimented with an English version of the text, which will appear simultaneously with the vernacular. Should the project meet with adequate support, the proprietor expresses his intention of reproducing in serial form all the four venerable works which bear the name of the Vedas."

—*Times*, December 15th: "Mr. E. D. Young, R.A., in command of the Livingstonia (Scotch) Mission to Lake Nyassa, dates his letter from Mazaro, on the river Zambesi, the 17th of August. All was well with him and his party, if one excepts the vexatious loss of a great deal of personal luggage through the capsizing of a boat. Mr. Young was rejoiced to find that there were no rumours of native wars ahead of him on the Shire. The Ilala steamed grandly, and he anticipated a rapid passage. From Zanzibar I regret to say the intelligence concerning the Universities Mission is very distressing. The already heavy list of deaths is swelled by that of Miss Marsh, who died of fever at the house of the Consul-General, being attended to the last by Mr. Kirk. Bishop Steere had set out for Lake Nyassa overland. He was compelled to go alone. Of his original party, composed of Messrs. James Beardall and Bellville, not one was left with him. The Rev. C. A. James returned from Lindy to Zanzibar in a desperate state, and it would appear that, but for the unremitting kindness and attention of the officers and doctors on board Her Majesty's ship London, he must have succumbed. He is now on his way to England via the Cape in charge of Mr. Bellville, and the greatest anxiety is felt for him. Mr. Beardall was also out of health, and obliged, in consequence, to remain at Zanzibar."

— John Saunders, a seaman, a sober man, fell from a window of the Sailors' Home and fractured his skull Tuesday night.

—*Overland Mail*, December 17th: The French Assembly has been wholly taken up with the election of seventy-five Life Senators. The Left has succeeded in getting a majority in every case, and the Royalists and Ministerialists have at length retired from the contest.

The Right Hon. Stephen Cave, M.P., has started upon his special mission to Egypt.

The Ashantees have driven out the Djuabins after four days' fighting.

Reports of the struggle between Egypt and Abyssinia have depressed Egyptian securities. At the demand of England the Egyptians will terminate the campaign, and withdraw from Zanzibar.

Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, the newly-appointed Judge Advocate-General, has been returned, for Whitehaven, defeating Mr. Charles Thompson, who was supported by the United Kingdom Alliance, by 1303 votes to 313.

At Horsham the candidates are Mr. Hurst (L.) Col. Aldridge (C.) and Mr. Richardson (R.)

A Royal warrant was promulgated on Dec. 11th for the reorganisation of "control."

The action for libel and slander brought by Mr. Massey Stacpoole against Col. Alexander Mackenzie, C. B., of the 78th Highlanders, has attracted much attention, and has ended in a verdict for the defendant.

A lunatic patient at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital has murderously assailed five boys, inmates of the ward, killing three of them.

An awful catastrophe is reported from Bremerhaven. A case of dynamite, which was to be secretly shipped, exploded on the wharf, killing at least sixty people and injuring many others.

What we have to contemplate is this—that men have been found depraved enough to be willing to sink passenger steamers for the sake of securing the value of insurance policies on part of the ship's cargo.

The wretch Thomson or Thomassen, who attempted suicide on the *Mosel* immediately the explosion on the Bremen quay took place, and has since died, revealed enough before death to show the diabolical work in which he was engaged. The scheme was, for him to be a passenger on an American steamer from Bremen to Southampton; during the passage to stow away on board a case of dynamite sufficient to blow a hole in the vessel and sink her. This case to be fitted with a silent working clock, which, at the end of eight days, should cause a lever to act, which would direct a blow at the dynamite and explode it, and sink the ship. At Southampton, where the chief agent in the design would leave the ship, the insured and probably valueless cargo would be taken on board. Had the machine and the dynamite remained intact, the *Mosel* —bearing this awful secret away with her—would have been upon her fatal passage, and the monsters who had designed her destruction for their sordid gain would have been waiting for the report of "another steamer with all hands missing," in due time to realise upon their insurance policies.

A terrible explosion of fire-damp occurred in the La Cour shaft of the Belgian colliery at the village of Framcries, near Mons, yesterday. One hundred and ten persons were killed and eleven wounded.

The American House of Representatives has passed a resolution by 232 votes against 18, disapproving the re-election of the President to a third term of office.

—*N. Y. Evangelist*: At a festival at a reformatory institution, recently, a gentleman said of the cure of the use of intoxicating drinks: "I overcome the appetite by a recipe given to me by old Dr. Hatfield, one of those good old physicians who do not have a percentage from a neighboring druggist. The prescription is simply an orange every morning a half-hour before breakfast. 'Take that,' said the doctor, 'and you will neither want liquor nor medicine.' I have done so regularly, and find that liquor has become repulsive. The taste of the orange is in the saliva of my tongue, and it would be as well to mix water and oil as rum with my taste."

Miss Julia E. Smith, one of the Glastenbury (Ct.) sisters, who have become famous through their resistance to taxation without representation, is about publishing a translation of the Bible, made by herself without aid. She has written out the Bible five times, twice from the Greek, twice from the Hebrew, and once from the Latin. This she did for her own pleasure and instruction, without a thought of publication; but she now feels impelled to prove that if she cannot be trusted to elect her own representatives, and must yield to what she believes an unjust imposition of taxes, she can do what no man has done. As she does not expect to be reimbursed for her outlay by the sale of her translation, she takes a certain pleasure in the knowledge that such an investment of her bank stock will deprive the town of Glastenbury of the taxes which are levied upon it or upon the land of the sisters.

The cost of constructing narrow-gauge railroads is so much less than that of roads of the ordinary gauge, that communities or capitalists who are interested in securing improved means of transportation, do not hesitate to enter into the work of building them with ready money, and without asking for

land grants or town subsidies. One of these roads in Nevada, extending from the Palisades to Eureka, a distance of ninety miles, was constructed mainly by D. O. Mills & Co., out of their private capital. There is neither mortgage nor lien on the road. A considerable part of the track is laid in steel rails, and it is well built and stocked in every way, affording an outlet for the products of the Eureka mine. Many predict that the time will soon come when all the great mines of the Pacific coast will be supplied with similar railroad connections, while owners of large timber tracts are already availing themselves of the advantages which the narrow-gauge construction offers. Besides this, owners of agricultural lands, with the same object in view, are running narrow-gauge roads through their districts. Twenty miles of road have recently been built between Watsonville and Santa Cruz, in California, nearly all the money having been supplied by two large land-holders.

—The New York *Evening Post* is responsible for the following curious statement: An apparatus for washing smoke, and thus depriving it of its character as a nuisance, is in operation at a factory at Menilmontant, Paris. A fine shower of water, travelling in the direction of the smoke, and at five times its velocity, is projected into the chimney, where it mixes with the smoke, taking up the soluble gases and precipitating the impurities carried up with the smoke by the draught. The foul water is discharged into a cistern, where it is collected, and a fine black paint is got from it.

—*Word and Work*: "The Bible is still *the* book of the Madagascar Christians, as it was in the days of persecution. For some time the stock of Bibles at the mission was exhausted, and it was painful to be obliged to turn away eager inquirers for the volume. At last the London Bible Society sent 5,000 Bibles. These were all sold in a few days, and hundreds of people who came too late had to be sent away. One man sold his principal garment (a kind of skirt) in order to make up the required shilling."

Friday, January 7.

—The str. *Lombardy* with English mails left Aden for Bombay yesterday at 5 a. m.

—Deaths last week, 367.

—The palace expenditure of the Sultan has been £2,000,000 a year ever since his accession.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "A subscriber may consider that he has a right to do what he likes with his own copy of a paper, and so of course he has within certain limits. But when he makes a practice of lending it to one or two neighbours who are too mean, not too poor, to become subscribers themselves, he ought to reflect that he is really picking the newspaper proprietor's pocket. A newspaper is the cheapest thing in India. It only costs half as much as a peg. Yet men who make no scruple of drinking ten pegs a day are not ashamed to beg the loan of a newspaper."

Perhaps it is fondness for pegs that induces the meanness referred to.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "Dr. Douglas's letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on Indian Missions, which attracted a good deal of attention at the time it was written in 1872, admirably pourtrays the priestly character of the Missions which the Biship sought to maintain. His successor will find the undoing of this part of the late Biship's work a very difficult undertaking, if he wishes to put an end to the jealousies that exist from this cause in some parts of the diocese. The determination that Dr. Douglas displayed to have his own way in these matters seemed to impart a certain acerbity to his proceedings, and his manner did not tend to allay the bitterness they created. Dr. Douglas was a good preacher, and we may remark here, that he was the only one of the clergy who could make himself heard throughout the Cathedral. The fault lies with the preacher who, if he were to speak slowly and distinctly, might be heard in all parts of the church, whereas we believe now one-half the congregation at the Cathedral seldom hears a word of either the prayers or the sermon."

Miscellany.

—*Word and Work*:

For some time past a good work has been going on in several large houses of business connected with the retail drapery trade. These houses employ several hundreds of young men, who board and lodge upon the premises, the great majority of whom are utterly careless and indifferent about religious matters.

Some few years ago, God put it into the hearts of a few Christian young men engaged in these houses, to start meetings of a devotional character; these gradually grew and were organized into societies under the title of Young Men's Bible Classes, and meetings were held weekly for prayer and the study of the Scriptures. At last the members of one class accidentally found out that meetings of a similar sort to their own were held in one or two other houses. It was at once thought it would be well if, occasionally, the different classes could meet for mutual prayer, exhortation, and sympathy, and also to hear how the good work was carried on in other houses. Hence was formed an association that was called

"THE YOUNG MENS' BIBLE CLASS UNION."

The chief object of the classes seems to be the upholding of a banner of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the bringing together of Christian young men (who are of different sects) for a common purpose. It is the earnest desire and prayer of these young men to lead the unconverted, by whom they are surrounded, to a knowledge of the Saviour. It may be asked. Are these societies doing good?

As regards conversions, there have not been so many as we could wish, still we believe that through the Bible Class, in answer to the prayers of its members, some have found peace through a simple trust in a crucified Saviour.

We cannot but feel that, in more ways than one, great good is being done. Young men coming from pious homes in small country towns, and entering one of these large houses, where all is hurry and bustle, have felt sick at heart, and thought,—Well, it is nearly impossible to be a Christion here; but seeing a bill upon the notice-board announcing a meeting of the Bible Class, they have gone, and have found themselves amongst a dozen, twenty, or thirty of the young men of the house; have heard themselves prayed for as young men that have just left their homes and come to this great city; heard an essay read upon some practical subject, say "religion and business," or of a kindred nature; have listened to the conversation that followed after the meeting; had their hands grasped by the friends present, and at once have felt at home, receiving sympathy and advice at this, perhaps, the most trying period of their lives.

Selections.

THE CLOSE OF MOODY AND SANKEY'S LABORS IN BROOKLYN

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Brooklyn, Nov. 20th, 1875.

The two ambassadors of Christ, who have labored so faithfully here for twenty-six days, left us this morning for Philadelphia. With honest tears of sadness many of us bade them farewell at eleven o'clock last night, when the lights of the Tabernacle were turned off. The sadness at losing them was mingled with grateful gladness for the glorious work they have wrought for the Master.

Their closing day was wonderful. At eight o'clock in the morning the Tabernacle was filled by an audience of 3,500 people. Mr. Moody gave some pithy and pertinent counsels to the new converts. Mr. Sankey sang that touching hymn "Nothing but leaves." As soon as the service closed, a large meeting of women was held, under the direction of Mrs. Needham. The pastors of Brooklyn met in the Lay College, and voted to continue the morning "union prayer-meeting" in the Second Presbyterian church, (Rev. Arthur Crosby's,) at eight o'clock. Mr. Moody began an inquiry-meeting in the Simpson Church at ten o'clock and continued it until four in the afternoon.

At that hour the street in front of the Tabernacle was black with a waiting multitude who were locked out, as the building had been already packed for a whole hour. The overflow meeting in the Lay College was also full. Yet the disappointed crowd lingered with the vain hope that they might push in when the gates were opened for Mr. Moody. As soon as he arrived the crowd slowly separated; and those inside were held in breathless attention by a most powerful address on Faith. Mr. Sankey sang the "Ninety and Nine." Mr. Moody closed with one of those wonderful prayers which he sometimes makes when his soul is stirred to its utmost depths. Hundreds in the audience wept in unison with him. Many of Brother Moody's discourses have been delivered with moistened eyes, and utterance choked with emotion. His pathetic power has been as remarkable as the sharp pungency of his appeals to the conscience.

The scene at the Rink in the evening baffles description. At six o'clock the stream poured in, and by seven, the vast edifice was packed to suffocation. A lady-friend who undertook to "storm the fort" under the convoy of Mr. Moody, was obliged to retreat from the jostling throng, who blocked every gate of admission. The service was a very impressive and solemn one; the theme being "Immediate acceptance of Christ." It was illustrated by several happy anecdotes drawn from the speaker's long experience in dealing with inquirers. He also used Noah's ark, and the lifting-up of the serpent in the wilderness, with much freshness of application to those who desired to know just what to do."

At nine o'clock Mr. Moody was driven to the Tabernacle, where he held his farewell service. Four thousand were present, mostly young men! I observed many clergymen there—among them Rev. Mr. Dickson, the author of "All about Jesus." The address was the same substantially as that given at the Rink. At its close Mr. Sankey sang, with exquisite tenderness,—"Prodigal child, come home, come home."

Mr. Moody then employed, as he had done on the previous evening, Mr. Finney's method of inviting inquirers to what was called "the anxious seat." All the pews, fifty in number, before the pulpit were cleared, and those who desired to be conversed with, were requested to step forward and occupy them. In face of the standing crowd a large number of young men came out, one by one, until the pews were nearly filled. Mr. Moody and the pastors and Christian laymen present, spent half an hour in personal conversation with each one. Then Mr. Moody made his closing prayer. Hundreds stood up, with joined hands, and Mr. Sankey led us in our parting hymn. There was a rush to give Mr. Moody a farewell grip; but he pleaded his exhaustion, and waving his hand in "good-bye," he and Mr. Sankey hurried from the room. After eleven o'clock the last lingerers moved out; and the glorious "campaign" of our two beloved guests was ended!

What are the results? In reply I can only give a few facts which carry their own evidence that Brothers Moody and Sankey have accomplished a noble service for their Master. During these twenty-six days over one hundred meetings were held. At a fair allowance for the frequent attendance of many, it may be estimated that *three hundred thousand* persons heard the pure Gospel of Calvary preached or sung! This is equal to the whole population of a city like Chicago. The Committee issued 125,000 tickets of admission during the last twelve days. Of the multitudes who thronged the Rink, the vast majority were Church members. All the entreaties of Mr. Moody could not prevent thousands of Christians from packing the seats that were intended for the unconverted alone. Some consciences, by this time, ought to *smart*.

In spite of the exclusion of the very class whom Mr. Moody aimed to reach, the number of hopeful conversions is very large. The chief success has been among *young men*. The evening services for them are to be continued this week in Lafayette Avenue Church, by Mr. Hall and Mr. Needham. Thousands of Christians have been quickened, and taught *how* to work. The Sunday morning addresses to them were an inspiration. God's people of all denominations have worked together beautifully. The revival is spreading in the congregations of Dr. Talmage, Mr. Steele, Dr. Scudder, Dr. Davis, Mr. Lyman, and several other churches. To-morrow Lafayette Avenue Church receives fifty members—a majority of them on confession of faith. All our churches will now be called on to carry forward a work gloriously begun. The fire, too, has been carried to other towns by many who have attended the soul-rousing services in Brooklyn. God be praised for the mighty results that have been accomplished by two humble single-hearted men, who were all aglow with love to Jesus, and on whom the power of the Holy Spirit has descended!

It is difficult to fix the exact number of inquirers at Mr. Moody's various meetings. But a judicious estimate of the number would be from 2,800 to 3,000.

P. S.—The sad tidings of Vice-President Wilson's departure reached me as I close this letter. When I parted from him at the Hathorn Spring in Saratoga (on the last day of August) I said to him "My dear Wilson, our next meeting may be in the better world." He turned back, and with much emotion said, "Have you any doubt that we shall know each other in heaven?" These were the last words I ever heard from one of the noblest men and sincerest Christians who has adorned American statesmanship in this generation.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY A. E. S.

She was so fair a flower to blossom in so poor a home. Her baby eyes opened upon a dreary scene. A low, dingy room where dirt and disorder held sway, where poverty, squalid, disheartened poverty, had set its seal on everything. The mother's greeting was with tears and sorrows, though the true mother-heart stirred with love as she held her only baby-girl in her embrace. The sturdy boys who had preceded the tiny maiden had been greeted with love, but as they grew older the evil associations about them far out-weighed the feeble mother's influence; and indeed the current had proved too strong for her, and she had almost forgotten the good principles of early days, and quite laid aside the tidy ways with which at first she had made her home attractive. Her husband, never firm in principle, had yielded, step by step, to the influence of his companions, till the saloon knew his presence oftener than his home. An old story; so sadly old that we see and hear it daily with only a feeling of restless impatience at its repetition; forgetting that for those who live it, it is fraught with sorrow ever new; with pain at which the listener can only guess. The boys as they grew older followed in their father's footsteps with dangerous haste; while the poor feeble mother bewailed her lot in helpless fretfulness, and the scanty comforts of the home grew more scanty year by year.

The oldest son, a lad of seventeen, seemed rapidly making hopeless shipwreck of his life. Sometimes for days and weeks he was absent, no one knew where

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then, as if with some desperate reaching after a better life, would work steadily for a few days, only to be swept away again by the tide of evil influences around him. There was good in him, flashes of generosity, a kindly spirit toward the weak and helpless, hours of remorse, when some patient heart that had learned Christ, might have gained a soul; but as the years went on, the hope grew fainter, and the priceless human soul, because no eye pitied and no hand saved, drifted down the broad way, for there, at least, was no lack of helpers. Such was the home on which the innocent baby eyes opened.

Months passed. The little creature grew fairer every day. The large, blue eyes had a depth of pathos in them, and seemed to appeal to all that was pure and true in every heart. Her hair, soft and curling, framed as fair and sweet a face as any little lady in the land, robed in fine linen and dainty laces, ever had. The mother, watching the little one daily, poured upon her a wealth of love that one would have wondered to find in so worn a heart.

Gradually, for baby's sake, the house grew brighter; the sunshine found a way through the low window, because once when a stray beam crept in, the little hands were stretched eagerly toward it. By slow degrees the untidy room was put into a semblance of order; and the mother's tones grew softer, for when her voice was sharp and fretful, the little mouth grieved, and the soft eyes had a frightened look. But in sunshine and smiles the fair little face was bright with content. Time wore away until a a half-year of her life was spent.

The older brother hurried faster and faster on the way to ruin. He had visited his home but once in the half year, and then for a hasty hour. At last he stood once more upon the threshold. It was pitiful to see, in one so young, such marks of dissipation and so haggard a face. The morning was one of those rare June mornings which bring some brightness to every place, and the room was full of sunshine. It was without occupants; except near the sunniest window, the old, worn cradle stood; and prompted more by curiosity than any warmer feeling, he bent over it. There lay the little child asleep, so fair, so innocent, so in contrast with his haunts and himself, that he stood spell-bound.

The tiny, white fingers held a flower, for by common consent, everything fair and sweet was brought to the cradle as to a sacred shrine. As he watched, the little sleeper stirred and woke, but not frightened at the rough figure, she smiled at him, and held the flower towards him. He bent to touch the tiny hand, but drew back as if his touch might pollute its purity. But her sweet baby wiles touched his heart, and as he turned away a tear stole down his cheek. All day long the little hand seemed to draw him back. All day long the innocent lips smiled on him, and often checked the wicked words that came so easily to his utterence. Drawn by the spell, at night he turned his steps homeward.

Slowly but surely the little one did her work. Slowly but surely, with many slips and falls, the boy struggled toward a better life for the sake of the baby sister, who learned to watch for his coming, and welcome him in sweetest fashion. He sought employment that she might wear dainty garments, and that he might bring her flowers and toys at night. And as she clung to him, his thoughts, going back over the day, made him shrink from her touch, if he recalled foul words and rough actions. So he strove, —poor tempted lad!—gaining so slowly that he was often discouraged, but still led onward by the little hand, or rather by the Hand outstretched to all human need, in varying ways.

The father felt the presence of his little child, but so strong were the chains that bound him, that his escape seemed hopeless. But he avoided his home after drinking to excess, and his gruff voice softened and his frowning brow relaxed when he spoke to the baby-girl. That was all; but the mother at the cradle recalled the half-forgotten prayer of other days and tried to plead that the angel of their home might yet lead him in paths of peace.

The baby's birth-day found her a tiny sprite, learning to lisp the first words of infancy, fair and delicate, more like a dream-child than the child of poverty. Then sickness crept upon her, a strange, slow fever. The little feet could bear her slight weight no longer; but she would lie content, and try to smile and play as she had been wont, if only cradled in loving arms. If left alone, though never crying noisily, a shadow of pain touched her face, and with all her baby-arts, she would try to entice some one to her side. The father, seeing how she had changed, hastened home from his work that he might soothe the little sufferer by carrying her in his strong arms. The brother forgot his rough companions for the little child who smiled to see him—such a shadowy, feeble smile, but so loving that it was brighter than sunshine to him.

Week after week the fragile blossom faded. With tenderest care they sought to save her—but in vain. Patient through all, smiling still in the faces she loved, her life wore slowly away. The mother wept and prayed in secret; the father watched in silence, —some grave thought in his face, his old haunts unsought. At last the end came! As the soft wind gently wafts the last petal of the faded lily to the ground, so her life went out. She lay at rest, one little hand outstretched as if to lead those she loved, in her footsteps. The light of the home, the angel of the house—how past finding out it seemed, that *she* should be taken!

But God's ways are not our ways. That which her life had failed to effect, her death effected. The father, beckoned onward by the still warm hand, turned steadily toward a new life. The little one's long illness had broken up old associations, and he turned in disgust from the coarse pleasures in which he had before found delight. In quiet hours he called to mind the sweet face of his little child, and mused over her new home, until a lingering memory of a prayer learned at his mother's side stole into his heart. The household for so long had hushed every harsh tone, that their voices had grown soft and gentle, and still they stepped lightly as if they feared to disturb their darling.

And love and grief drew father, mother and children near each other, and each lent a helping hand to the other: so the home was full of love and kindness. The little child's presence seemed to linger in the house, drawing all its inmates toward the better country and the heavenly home. Short was her work, and her rest soon attained; but not in vain her life. She, being dead, yet speaketh.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

London, 30th December: A fresh Admiralty Slave Circular has been issued, in which it is notified that when any of Her Majesty's ships are in territorial waters of States where slavery exists, fugitive slaves are not to be received on board unless life is endangered, and are not to be detained after the danger is past. Fugitive slaves from Arabia, the Persian Gulf, the East Coast of Africa, and the Island of Madagascar may be received on board of any of Her Majesty's ships, pending an enquiry into the statements they will have to make.—The *Times* of to-day states that Baron de Lesseps has agreed to advance the sum of £2,000,000 for a term of two years on the Khedive's founder's shares in the Suez Canal. According to the *Daily News* England has the option of the purchase until the meeting of Parliament in February next.—H. M. Troopship Jumna has passed through the Suez Canal homeward bound.

Paris, 30th: The Assembly has adopted severe Ministerial Press Laws.—It has also been agreed to maintain the state of siege in Paris, Lyons and Marseilles.

London, 31st: The s.s. Dante, outward bound to Bombay, has been in collision in the Irish Channel. Only 8 of the crew were saved.—Major-General Schenck, the American Ambassador, has addressed a note to Her Majesty's Government, enquiring the views of England in respect to the collective intervention of European Powers with the object of stopping bloodshed in Cuba. England has deferred giving any definitive answer at present.

Paris, 1st January: The National Assembly has closed and the new one commences its sitting on the 8th March.

London, 3rd: The English Press generally disapprove the new Slave Circular issued by the Admiralty. H. M.'s Troopship Malabar has arrived at Portsmouth.—The Scheme of Reforms which the Northern Powers contemplate for Turkey, proposes entire religious equality, Provincial and Communal self-government, self-taxation and the cessation of serfdom and socage.

Madrid, 3rd: The elections will commence on the 20th instant, and it is intended that the Cortes shall assemble on the 15th proximo.

London, 4th: It is officially announced that Lord Northbrook has intimated his inability to hold office in India for another summer.—The Viceroy will be relieved by Lord Lytton next spring.—Lord Northbrook receives an Earldom.—Obituary—Sir Anthony de Rothschild, Bart.

3rd: H. M.'s Training-ship Warspite has been burnt at Woolwich; the boys were saved. Incendiarism is suspected.—The Russians are preparing to cross the Syr Daria and occupy Marghilan and Andirgan; the whole of Southern Kokand will probably be eventually annexed.

5th: Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Alan Holdich, K. C. B., has been appointed to the Colonelcy of the 57th Foot, in succession to General Freeman Murray, who becomes Colonel of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders.

Cairo, 5th: Cherif Pacha, Minister for the Interior, has been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, in succession to Nubar Pacha, who has resigned office, in consequence of the Ministry of Commerce having been separated from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.—Rachet Pacha has been appointed Egyptian Minister of Commerce.

Paris, 5th: France has sent a special Envoy to Egypt.

London, 6th. The *Times* warmly approves the nomination of Lord Lytton to the Viceroyalty of India.

Paris, 6th: The Turkish reforms contemplated by the Northern Powers as announced on the 3rd instant, do not involve tutelage by the Powers. England has not yet replied, but France without consulting England has adhered to the scheme.

PASSENGERS SAILED.

Per Str. *Macedonia*, Dec. 31st, for Liverpool:

Captain Curbill and boy, Col Grogan, Mrs Molesworth, Miss Amy Molesworth, Miss Eva Molesworth, Miss Laura Molesworth, Master Percy Molesworth, Mr and Mrs Silligman, Master Guy Molesworth, and Master Robert Molesworth.

Per Str. *Sumatra*, 31st:

FOR GENOA.—Major Brown, and Mr William Poine.
FOR LEGHORN.—Rev D C Hesshuuun, and Rev Walsh.
FOR SUEZ.—Mr C DeCarriere, Mr Otto Kunze, Mr and Mrs Brandes, and Mr Welsh.

Per P. and O. Str. *Khiva*, January 3rd:

FOR SOUTHAMPTON.—Col. J. F. Hornmer, Lieut-Col Parnell, Mrs Prezold, and Miss Conde.
FOR BRINDISI.—James Smith.
FOR VENICE.—Dr Simpson.
FOR SUEZ.—Mr A Macdonald, and Mr E Hely D'Oissel.

PASSENGERS ARRIVED.

Per P. and O. Str. *Zambesi*, Dec. 31st:

FROM SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr A G Spiell, Mr J N Merriman, Col Mocatta, Mr J Duce, Mr G Richardson, Miss Gurr, Major Gillespie, Mr C J Ackrill, Mrs Loch, infant and ayah, Mr Hemley, and Mrs Halletts.

FROM VENICE.—Mr and Mrs Tyrrell Leith, Mr E S Robertson, Mrs D McIver, Mrs W McIver, Rev T S Mynkoop, Mr and Mrs Spinner, Mr G Rasch, Mr E B Gardner, Major-General Forbes, and Mr T B Branson.

FROM BRINDISI.—Mr C J Groom, Mr G Robertson, Mr L Barclay, Mr W Hartmann, Dr and Mrs Ferguson, Mr and Mrs Cunningham, Mr Greme, Mr Griffin, Mr F T Bagshaw, Col Thorpe, Miss Thorpe, Col Spinway, Col W D O'Kerrick, Mr H F Clogstown, Col Brooke, and Mr J Connell.

FROM SUEZ.—Mr Linche.

Per P. and O. Str. *Deccan*, Jan. 5th:

FROM SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr E P Brown, Mr and Miss Duell, Miss Smyth, Lieut Boyle, Mrs Lucas, Mr Buchanan, Mr Unsworth, Mr Dresden, Capt Carden, Mr and Mrs Grice and infant, Major and Mrs Travers, Mr and Mrs Young, and Mr Duerdin.

FROM MALTA.—Mr and Mrs Ettershank, and Mrs and Miss Patterson and infant.

FROM VENICE.—Dr Lewis, Mr Douglas, Mr Clarke, and Mr Schenck.

FROM BRINDISI.—Mr and Mrs Hay, Mr Ruelberg, Mr Marsotti, Major Hasted, Mr H Millett, Mr R Millett, Mr and Mrs Purcell, Mr Davis, Rev Mr McGrew, Mr Kobler, Mr Barry, Mr Coulter, Mr McCall, and Dr Treille.

FROM SUEZ.—Mr Tomasson, Mr M Ode, and Mr Winterhalter.

Domestic Occurrences.

MARRIAGES.

SEALY—GILES—January 1st, at Hyderabad, Sind, by the Rev. A Yarnold, G. W. Sealy, Telegraph Department, to Sarah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Archdeacon Giles, Canon of Lincoln.

EASDON—RAYMOND—January 3rd, at Holy Trinity Church, Sonapore, by the Rev. Charles Gilder, Charles Easdon, Assistant Apothecary, to Margaret Jane Raymond, eldest daughter of Richard Raymond, Inspector of Police, Bombay.

HARTLEY—DALZELL—January 4th, at Shahabad, by the Rev. T. Pratt, John Watkin Hartley, to Sarah Jane, only daughter of David Dalzell, late of Bombay.

DEATHS.

CREAGH—December 18th, at sea, near Aden, on board P. and O. steamer Geelong, Haidee Rose, wife of Colonel Creagh, Bombay Staff Corps.

MILLINGTON—January 2nd, at Malabar Hill, Dorothy Catherine, the widow of John Boyfield Millington, Esq.

CONSTANT—January 3rd, at Bombay, Charlotte Emily, the beloved wife of F. F. S. Constant, Esq., Indian Army, daughter of G. P. Arden, Esq., of Staffordshire, aged 29 years.

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